chair. I never knew why she dropped it—she used to do it so naturally with a start when Mephihtophdes knocked at the door—until one night when it was in my way and I picked it up, to the confusion of poor Mrs. Stirling, who nearly walked into the orchestra.

" Faust" was abused a good deal as a pantomime, a distorted caricature of Goethe, and a thoroughly inartistic production. But it proved the greatest of all Henry's financial successes. The Germans who came to see it, oddly enough, did not scora it nearly a* much as the English who were sensitive on behalf of the Germans, and the Goethe Society wrote a tribute to Henry Irving after his death, acknowledging his sen-ices to Goethe!

It is a curious paradox in the theatre that the play for which every one has a good word is often the play which no one is going to see, while the play which is apparently disliked and run down is crowded every night,

Our preparations for the production of " Faust " included a delightful " grand tour " of Germany. Henry, with his accustomed royal way of doing things, took a party which included my daughter Edy, Mr. and Mrs. Comyns Carr[9] and Mr. Hawes Craven, who was to paint the scenery. We bought nearly all the properties nsed in " Faust" in Nuremberg, and many other things which we did not use, that took Henry's fancy. One beautifully carved escutcheoa, the finest armorial device I ever saw, he bought at this time and presented it in after years to the famous American connoisseur, Mrs. Jack Gardiner. It hangs now in *one* of the rooms of her palace at Boston.

It was when we were going in the train along oae of the most beautiful stretches of the Rhine that Sally Holland, who accompanied us as my maid, said:—

" Uncommon pretty scenery, dear, I must say *I* **

When we laughed uncontrollably, she added: